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CHAIRMAN CANNON'S CALL.

SENATOR CANNON'S call to the Democratic leaders throughout the state, urging immediate organization and preparation for the campaign, is most timely.

The coming campaign can certainly be won by the Democrats, but it cannot be won by pleasant conversation and incidental discussion of the issues alone. Compact organization, an exact knowledge of the situation in each district, naturalization of eligible citizens and registration of the full party strength are the essentials.

To secure these, good persistent work is needed, and this can only be secured by the co-operation of the men in each community who have assumed the leadership of the party in its local organizations.

The national organization of the Democracy this year witnesses a harmony and enthusiasm that have not been seen in years. Eastern Democrats have got together regardless of old differences under a leader whose personality has inspired them with confidence. Within a week the new chairman of the national committee will have been named and the battle will begin under the most favorable circumstances.

Here in Utah, until within a very short time, the Republicans have assumed that they would have a walk-over this fall, but indications are plentiful that this easy-going confidence in their strength has given place to wondering doubt as to just where they will land on election day.

Utah Democrats may be assured that they have more than a fighting chance to carry the state and with it the legislature which is to elect a United States senator. All that is needed is a working organization, and Senator Cannon evidently intends that this shall be provided.

AN ECHO OF THE STRIKE.

THE EFFECT of the packers' strike promises to extend beyond the sea. An echo of it came from England the other day. A dispatch said that a member of the British parliament had asked, in the house of commons, whether or not it would be possible for his government to permit the importation of beef cattle from Argentina. This in view of the expected shortage in American meats. The member was informed by the junior lord of the treasury that the Argentine cattle were afflicted with what is known as the foot and mouth disease. As long as this continues a statute forbids their importation into England.

In this connection it will be interesting to know that England depends largely on the United States for its supply of dressed beef. A steer that browsed on the western plains six weeks or two months ago may be gracing the tables of English aristocracy, in sections, by this time. Maybe that's what gives the English noblemen their keen appetite for American girls—with a supply of good, hard coin. To return to our subject: If the American supply of beef were shut off from England, beef would become a rarity in the markets of that land. The magnitude of our meat trade with England is evidenced by a few figures.

According to the bureau of statistics of the department of commerce and labor, fresh beef of the value of \$24,359,595 was sent to England by American packers during the eleven months ended May 31, 1904. During the same period we sent them more than \$18,000,000 worth of bacon, \$17,500,000 worth of hams, \$6,000,000 worth of salted pork, \$14,500,000 worth of lard and \$4,500,000 worth of canned beef. These values mean that many millions of pounds of American meats are consumed in England every year. America is not only the granary of the world. It is the smokehouse and the abattoir, for other countries than England use our meats, though not in anything like such large quantities.

Clearly our British cousins have good reason to feel anxious at the prolongation of the packers' strike. It may soon be necessary for them to look elsewhere for their meat supply. And then the question arises: To whom will they look?

CAMPAIGNS AND MONEY.

THE WELL KNOWN correspondent for the Chicago Record-Herald, Walter Wellman, declares in a recent letter that the Republicans are experiencing great difficulty in raising a national campaign fund. Mr. Wellman says that in the campaign of 1896 the Republican national committee received and disbursed upwards of \$6,000,000. In 1900 more than half that sum was expended. This year, according to the correspondent, President Roosevelt estimated that a "modest" \$2,000,000 would be sufficient to bring about his election. But that, comparatively speaking, is very hard to find.

On the other hand, the Democrats, says Mr. Wellman, are fairly rolling in wealth. They will have at least \$2, he professes to believe, where the Republicans have \$1. The purpose of Mr. Wellman's letter is, of course, to induce

people to believe that this year the Democrats are to be the corruptionists, the Republicans the clean politicians. If the Democratic national committee does enter the campaign with a full purse and the Republicans with an empty one, some campaign slogans will surely change sides. In other years the Republicans have charged the Democrats with trying to stir up the masses against the classes. This year the Republicans may be accused of that very thing.

It is entirely probable that the Democrats will have more money to spend for campaign purposes this year than they have had since 1892. This because, in 1896, the wealthy members of the party left it because of the free silver scare. They not only did not contribute to the Democratic cause, they sent checks to the Republican committee. If the Democrats had had, in 1896, one-fifth of the money distributed by the Republicans, Mr. Bryan would have been elected. But, be that as it may, with the wealthy party men back in the fold, the Democrats will at least this year have money enough to defray the legitimate expenses of the campaign.

Nobody, least of all Mr. Wellman, who has had wide experience in reporting national politics, seriously believes the Republicans are to wage what is frivolously known as a "wind" campaign. They will have all the money they can legitimately spend. We doubt, however, if they will have enough to carry out the sweeping purchases of voters they are known to have carried out in 1896 and in 1900.

The race this year seems in a fair way to be run on principles and men. It will be interesting to see, whether or not, on a strict merit basis, the Republicans will be able to carry the country. Certainly, the nation will be the better off for a campaign devoid of corrupt practices.

A "HARD LUCK BUREAU."

SOME NEW YORK men whose time has been early encroached upon by visitors with "hard-luck stories," have organized to resist intruders on their time and money. Don't understand from this that they have steeled their hearts against genuine distress. On the contrary, the new system promises to make it easier for the genuinely deserving to secure assistance. The New Yorkers have formed what they call a "hard-luck bureau," which starts with a cash capital of \$20,000 and covers a wide range of philanthropy.

The plan is simple. When the "distasteful" relative, the "friend of boyhood days," the man who could make something go if he had only a little money to start with, the fellow who needs work, any representative of the hard-luck classes approaches a member of the syndicate he is sent to the office of the bureau with a card from the member. If he can show that he is really deserving he is aided. If he tells a straight story that evidences a willingness to repay borrowed money, he may borrow without furnishing security. Those who want work are sent to a farm in New Jersey where abundant opportunity for working is afforded them.

The plan looks like a good one. Men who are in actual need are aided and at the same time there is a chance to discover whether or not a given applicant is an impostor or an habitual mendicant. Of course the general public cannot go to the bureau for help. If such a course were adopted all the money of all the members of the organization would be wiped out within a short time. To receive assistance an applicant must have some claim, shadow or otherwise, upon a member of the bureau. Without such a claim he cannot receive a card, and without the card no assistance will be given.

The main object of the association is to save the time of its members. Incidentally, they are spared the indignant giving which too often encourages mendicancy. The workings of the bureau will be watched with considerable interest by rich men and women generally. If it proves as successful as its projectors hope it is not unlikely that similar bureaus will be organized in every large city in the country. And there could be no better incentive to philanthropy of the best sort.

Judge Parker has drawn a dead line against photographers. He says: "I reserve the right to put my hands in my pockets and assume comfortable attitudes without being everlastingly afraid that I shall be snapped by some fellow with a camera." The next president will have to step lively if he keeps away from the cameras. Besides, Mr. Roosevelt has never objected to having his picture taken. With such a model before him Judge Parker should be good to the photographer.

Some of our Republican contemporaries hesitate at nothing when they attack Democratic candidates. The Chicago Record-Herald, for instance, doubts that Henry G. Davis, Democratic nominee for the vice presidency, voted for Andrew Jackson. Next some Republican organ will accuse Mr. Davis of voting against Thomas Jefferson.

The bandit who was killed on Divide creek, in Colorado, on June 9 last, was Harvey Logan. That is, he either was or was not Harvey Logan. And whether he was Harvey Logan or not he is certainly dead. That, by the way, seems to be the only sure thing about the matter.

Senator Cullom of Illinois is responsible for the statement that the office of president is "the greatest gift in the possession of the American people." But the American people do not possess the gift just now. One T. Roosevelt owns it in fee simple.

The engagement of William Waldorf Astor's daughter to an Englishman is announced. What makes the prospective match difficult to account for is that this Englishman has no title. But perhaps Miss Astor loves him.

The Salt Palace bicycle racers will soon be obliged to begin breaking their own records. About all the others have already been broken, apparently.

The St. Louis temperature dropped 22 degrees in a few minutes the other day. At that there were no reports of deaths by freezing.

BREAKFAST FOOD

The military experts in St. Petersburg claim that the worst that they know just what the Japs are going to do as soon as it is done.

While some may question the Republicans' claim that they established the postoffice department, few will dispute that they have been collecting the revenues from it lately.

Perhaps the Utah postmasters believe the real meaning of that famous executive order was that federal office holders should keep out of politics except during presidential campaigns.

There was a widespread belief that Russia had enough buster on its hands just now without starting a row with England.

The settlement of the big strike would not settle the meat problem for everybody.

That Democratic platform indicates that the Missouri grafters will be shown good and plenty.

Some war correspondent has discovered that Togo's face is "browned," thus shattering the popular belief that it was cerise.

Of course, the postmasters are not active politically, but at the same time they wish the administration to know they are in line.

With one brother editing a religious paper and another studying for the ministry, it may truly be said the relatives of the Democratic nominee for governor of Missouri are good folks.

Candidate For Carnegie Medal.

Joel L. Priest, a Salt Lake, who has achieved fame because of his nearly anachronistic temper and his aversion to all that pertains to the lighter side of life, is in Kearney, Neb., visiting relatives.

Mr. Priest went to Kearney primarily to rest. For over a week after his arrival there, according to reliable reports, he did nothing more than to watch the sundown evolve. He did not even write a letter to his friends in Salt Lake. During the past week, however, his quiet life has been disturbed. He feels himself to be an injured man.

The story of his misfortune is told in a letter received by a friend here yesterday. "I have had a lot of dangerous excitement this afternoon," the letter states. "The horse had what I pronounced a cold. For worst possible way. They told me that if he lay down he'd die. I didn't want the horse to die, of course. Did you ever run up and down a country road with a horse when the road is muddy and registered something like 50 in the shade and 180 in the sun? Well, I did, and the whole way was in the sun, too. I finally reached a point where I didn't give a whoop whether the horse died or not. In fact, I prayed that he would die, or that death would come to me and give me sweet relief from my suffering. When my tongue was hanging out so far I began stumbling over it and the sweat was rolling off me at a rate that washed out little gullies in the road, the horse got better. That was about the time a big veterinarian arrived and said of my horse: 'coarse way.' There isn't a d— thing the matter with the horse!"

"THE POINTS."

(Ogden State Journal.)

The Salt Lake Tribune says that it "could see no point in any Republican who had left his party on account of the silver question staying on to study when that question was settled." And it asks if the editor of the State Journal can do so.

Certainly, Rooseveltism.

The foregoing answer is of itself sufficient. But other points are not wanting. Those members of the United States senate who first organized the silver Republican movement, and who were expelled from the Republican party in Washington four months previous to the St. Louis convention of 1896, and made their secession on the basis of a question, but upon the tariff question. Their action was not because of belief in protection when equitably applied, but because of the perfectly manifest intention of the Republican party to make a bill such as Democrats had always denounced as the Republican idea and such as Republicans had always denied—a tariff which would favor certain powerful industries and ignore the weak ones; a tariff bill which would lay the burden upon the farmer affording to him no adequate recompense; a tariff composed of schedules prepared by the trusts and under which the domestic manufacturers could and would sell their goods abroad at less prices than they could at home. The original Dingley bill of February, 1896, demonstrated this intention by the Republican party, although the bill did not become a law, and the second Dingley bill, which was enacted into law in 1897, fulfilled the intention.

Following the determination of this "point" of separation, came the secession of the Republican party from its old principles of bimetallism; and this was the acute matter upon which the silver Republican split from the party at the convention in St. Louis.

Following this, in turn, was the colonial and imperialistic policy of the Republican party—so antagonistic to the ideal of the Democratic party. Through more than a century of this country's life, so dangerous to the future of the republic as that men already separated by the tariff question, ample "point" to justify their remaining in antagonism to it.

And, still following this, came the accidental absorption of Rooseveltism as the dominating force in the Republican party. Mr. Roosevelt is a party and law unto himself. He has subverted the plain old-fashioned conservatism by executive order. He has sought to make the army a creature of his will by the elevation of his personal favorites to positions of power; and while his friends may claim that he does not incline toward military dictatorship in this country, this is exactly the step that he would take if he did this incline—and Americans should be forever on their guard against the danger. He has abandoned the great ideal of fathers under which human liberty was sacred thing and under which peace with all mankind was one of our most desired possessions; and in his insensate zeal to appear as a military or naval hero he has sacrificed the peace and prosperity of the United States and the Smithsonian.

To deny that the Rooseveltian ideal is "I, the state," is to deny the fact which is palpable to every observant person who comes in contact with the president of the presidency or who reads his words and doings.

The Republican party of 1896 started away from its party creed and the magnificent examples of the old party leaders. It has not returned; but on the contrary it has proceeded further and further away from the old safeguards, the old purposes, the old affections, for the people's need and the old splendid leadership. To see the party of Lincoln, Grant, Garfield, and even the party of McKinley and Hanna now dominated by Theodore Roosevelt is to see ample "point" to justify former silver Republicanism in adhering to their present Democratic affiliation, refusing to go back to the party whose error of 1896 has been multiplied and whose dangerous tendencies of that

THE GENIAL IDIOT.

The University Intelligence Office.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

"M. R. BRIEF," said the Idiot the other morning as the family of Mrs. Smithers-Pedagogy gathered at the breakfast table, "don't you want to be let in on the ground floor of a sure thing?"

"I do if there's no cellar under it to fall into when the bottom drops out," smiled Mr. Brief. "What's up? You going into partnership with Mr. Rockefeller?"

"No," said the Idiot. "There isn't any money in that."

"What?" cried the Bibliomaniac. "No money in a partnership with Mr. Rockefeller?"

"Not a cent," said the Idiot. "After paying Mr. Rockefeller his dividend of 105 per cent of the gross receipts and deducting expenses from what's left, you'd find you owed him money. My scheme is to start an entirely new business—one that's never been thought of before, apparently—incorporate it at \$100,000, of which I am to receive \$51,000 in stock for the idea, \$24,000 worth of shares to go to Mr. Brief for legal services and the balance to be put on the market at once."

"That sounds rich," said Mr. Brief. "I might devote an hour of my time to your scheme some rainy Sunday afternoon when there is nothing else to do for that amount of stock, provided, of course, your scheme has no state prison string tied to it."

"There isn't even a county jail at the end of it," observed the Idiot. "It's clean, clear and straight. It will fill a long-felt want, and as I see it, ought to pay 50 per cent dividends the first year. They say figures don't lie, and I am in possession of some that tell me I've got a bonanza in my University Intelligence Office company."

"The title sounds respectable," said Mr. White-shaker. "What is it, Mr. Idiot—a sort of university settlement scheme?"

"Well, yes," said the Idiot. "It is designed to get university graduates settled. If you can call that a university settlement scheme. To put it briefly, it's an intelligence office for college graduates where they may go for the purpose of getting a job, just as our cooks and butlers and valets and the rest do. If there's money in securing a place at good wages for the ladies who burn out steaks and promote indigestion, or for the gentlemen who keep out trousers pressed and wear out our linen, I don't see why there wouldn't be money in an institution which did the same thing for the struggling young bachelor of arts who is thrown out of the arms of his Alma Mater on the hands of a cold and unappreciative world."

"At last!" cried the doctor. "At last I find sanity in one of your suggestions. That idea of yours, Mr. Idiot, is worthy of a genius. I have a nephew just out of college and what on earth to do with him nobody in the family can imagine. He doesn't seem to be good for anything except sitting around and letting his hair grow long."

"That isn't much of a profession, is it?" said the Idiot. "What does he want to do?"

"That's the irritating part of it," observed the doctor. "When I asked him the other night what he intended to do for a living he said he hadn't made up his mind yet between becoming a motorman or the editor of the South American Review. That's a satisfactory kind of an answer, eh? Especially when the family income is hardly big enough to keep the modern youth in heckles?"

"I don't believe any intelligence office in creation could do anything for a man like that," sneered the Bibliomaniac. "What that young man needs is a good, sound spanking, and I'd like to give it to him."

"All right," said the doctor with a laugh. "I'll see that you have the chance. If you'll go out to my sister's with me sometime next week, I'll introduce you to Bill and you can begin."

"Why don't you do it yourself, Doctor?" asked the Idiot, noting the twinkle in the Doctor's eye.

"I'm too busy," laughed the Doctor. "Besides I only weigh 120 pounds and Bill is six feet two inches high and weighs 210 pounds striped. I think if I were to write any more telegraph pole and Bill with only a toothpick as a weapon of defense he could thrash me with ease. However, if Mr. Bill wants to try it—"

"Send Bill to us, Doctor," said the Idiot. "I sort of like Bill, and I'll bet the University Intelligence office will get him a job in forty-eight hours. A man who is willing to mope or edit has an adaptability that ought to locate him permanently somewhere."

"I don't quite see," said Mr. Brief. "Just how you are going to work your scheme, Mr. Idiot. I must confess I rather regard Bill as a pretty tough proposition."

"Not at all," said the Idiot. "The only trouble with Bill is that he hasn't found himself yet. He's probably one of those easy-going popular youngsters who've devoted their college days to growing. Just at present he's got more vitality than brains. I imagine from his answer to the Doctor that he is a good natured hulk who could get anything he wanted in college except a scholarship. I haven't any doubt that he was beloved of all his classmates and was known to his fellows as Old Hoss, or Beefy Bill or Blue-Eyed Billie and could play any game from muggins to pig like a hero of a Bret Harte romance."

"You've sized Bill up all right," said the Doctor. "He is just that, but he has brains. The only trouble is he's been saving them up for a rainy day and now when the showers are beginning he doesn't know how to use 'em. How would you go about getting him a job, Mr. Idiot?"

"Bill ought to go into the publishing business," said the Idiot. "He was cut out for a book agent. He has a physique which, to begin with, would command respectful attention for anything he might have to

time have been increased a thousand fold.

So far the answer has been applicable to any Silver Republican in the United States. But inasmuch as the Tribune's question may have a local direction, there is this additional answer.

Certainly, Smoothism.

Like Rooseveltism, with which it is so closely allied, Smoothism is the substitution of self for community welfare. It sets up personal ambition as the chief object for human achievement. As Rooseveltism has involved the nation in difficult questions abroad, so Smoothism has involved the people of Utah in troublesome circumstances at home.

This state was gaining in commercial power. It was attracting to its fair fields its wondrous hills its growing cities, sterling elements of American brawn and brain, with a steady stream of capital to help the state to its mighty destiny, when the ambitions of one man, already freighted with many opportunities and holy duties, was interposed and the good promise of peace and prosperity was shattered. Not even the Tribune will deny that Smoothism has retarded indefinitely the progress of Utah.

It is so closely akin to Rooseveltism that no wonder the two are in close match. As Mr. Roosevelt aspires to be a warrior, a speaker, a diplomat, a political leader, so Mr. Smoothism aspires to be all things. And the overweening ambitions in both cases represent dangers to the nation and the state.

There is ample "point" in Utah why former silver Republicans should be allied with the Democratic party. We recognize that the Tribune is quite sincere in its advocacy of the Republican cause, and we can equally recognize that former silver Republicanism is a determined and sincere in their association with the Democratic party, which opposes alike the Rooseveltism that menaces the welfare of the United States and the Smoothism which menaces the well being of the state of Utah.

Knowing the temper and disposition

say concerning wares he had to sell. He seems to have, from your brief description of him, that savvy of manner which would surely secure his admittance into the houses of the elite, and his sense of humor I judge to be sufficiently highly developed to enable him to make a sale wherever he felt there was the remotest chance, is he handsome?"

"I am told that he looks like me," said the Doctor, pleasantly.

"Oh, well, rejoined the Idiot, "good looks aren't essential after all. It would be better, though, if he were a man of fine presence. If he's big and genial, as you suggest, he can carry off his deficiencies in personal pulchritude."

The Doctor flushed a trifle. "Oh, Bill isn't so plain," he observed airily. "There's none of your sissy beauty about Bill, I grant, but—oh, well—" here the Doctor twisted his mustache complacently.

"I should think the place for Bill would be on the trolley," sneered the Bibliomaniac.

"No, sir," returned the Idiot. "Never. Geniality never goes on the trolley. In the first place it isn't appreciated by the management, and in the second place it is a dangerous gift for a motorman. I had a friend once—a college graduate of very much Bill's kind—who went on the trolley as a conductor at \$7 a week and, my Jingo, would you believe it, all his friends waited for his car and, of course, he never asked any of 'em for their fare. 'Gentlemen,' he used to say, 'welcome to my car. This is on me.'"

"Swindled the company by letting his friends ride free, eh?" said the Bibliomaniac.

"Never," said the Idiot. "Pete was honest and he hung 'em up same as anybody, and of course had to settle with the treasurer at the end of the trip. On his first month he was \$9 out. Then he couldn't bring himself to ask a lady for money and if a passenger looked like a sport Pete would offer to match him for his fare—double or quits. Consequence was he lost money steadily. All the hard luck people used to ride with him, too, and one night it was a bitter night in December and everybody in the car was pretty near frozen—Pete stopped his car in front of the Fifth Avenue hotel and invited everybody on board to come in and have a wee nippy. All except two old ladies and a Chinaman accepted, and of course, the reporters got hold of it, told the story in the papers, and Pete was bounced. I don't think the average college graduate is quite suited by temperament for the trolley service."

"All of which is intensely interesting," observed the Bibliomaniac, "but I don't see how it helps to make your University Intelligence office company convincing."

"It helps in this way," said the Idiot. "We shall have a board of inspectors made up of men with some knowledge of human nature, who will put these thousands of young graduates through a cross-examination to find out just what they can do. Few of 'em have the slightest idea of that and they'll gladly pay for the assistance we propose to give them when they have discovered that they have taken the first real step toward securing useful and profitable occupation. If a valedictorian comes into the University Intelligence office and applies for a job, we'll put him through a third degree examination and if we discover in him those restless qualities which go to the making of a good plumber, we'll set about to find him a job in a plumbing establishment. If a Greek salutatorian in search of a position has the sweep of arm and general uplift of manner that indicates a useful career as a window washer, we will put him in communication with those who need such a person."

"How about the coldly supercilious young man who knows it all and wishes to lead a life of elegant leisure, yet must have wages?" asked the Bibliomaniac.

"Our colleges are turning out many such," replied the Idiot. "He's the easiest proposition in the bunch," replied the Idiot. "If they were all like that our fortunes would be established in a week."

"In what way?" persisted the Bibliomaniac.

"In two ways," replied the Idiot. "Such persons are constantly in demand as janitors of cheap apartment houses which are going up with marvelous rapidity on all sides of us, and as editors of 10-cent magazines, of which, on the average, there are, I believe, five new ones started every day of the year, including Saturdays, Sundays and legal holidays."

"I say, Mr. Idiot," said the Doctor later. "That was a bully idea of yours about the University Intelligence office. It would be a lot of help to the thousands of youngsters who are graduated every year—but I don't think it's practicable just yet. What I wanted to ask you is if you could help me with Bill."

"Certainly I can," said the Idiot.

"Really?" cried the Doctor.

"Yes, indeed," said the Idiot. "I can help you a lot."

"How? What shall I do?" asked the Doctor.

"Take my advice," whispered the Idiot. "Let Bill alone. He'll find himself. You can tell that by his answer."

"Oh," said the Doctor, lapsing into solemnity. "I thought you could give me a material suggestion as to what to do with the boy."

"Ah! You want something specific, eh?" said the Idiot.

"Well," said the Doctor.

"Yes—let him have a job as a campaign speaker. This is a great year for the stump," said the Idiot.

"That isn't bad," said the Doctor. "Which side?"

"Either," said the Idiot. "Or both. Bill has adaptability, and between you and me, from what I hear on the street, both sides are going to win this year. If they do, Bill's fortune is made."

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HUMOR IN STATE PRESS.

May Lose One Day.
(Spanish Fork Press.)

It looks as though Spanish Fork will have no Twenty-fourth of July this year.

Full Equipment For Players.
(Davis County Clipper.)

Fielders and pitchers' mits and gloves, baseballs and bats and good court players at 10 per package, at Starfield's.

Birds Are Active.
(Utah Plain Dealer.)

Weber county politics is booming up, the candidates are beginning to prime their feathers.

Convention Unnecessary.
(Davis County Clipper.)

Jerse M. Smith of this place will be a candidate for governor on the Republican ticket.

More Mental Telegraphy.
(Price Advocate, July 21.)

Roosevelt and Fairbanks can not be matched well in rhyme. However, they meet all the demands of reason.

(Salt Lake Tribune, July 21.)

Roosevelt and Fairbanks, as names do not rhyme worth a cent; but as men they fulfill every requirement of life.

How to Find a Job.

Professor W. G. Bowdoin, author of "Book Plates" and other special art volumes, did not always enjoy the success he now has. He tells a very incident in connection with his first magazine appointment.

"It was this way," he said. "I tried to get on the staff as art editor, critic and contributor, but neither owner nor editor took much notice of me. One day I got muddled under a pile of papers and saw an empty desk and across the office boy to clean it for me. I dictated to the stenographer nearly all day. The rest

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